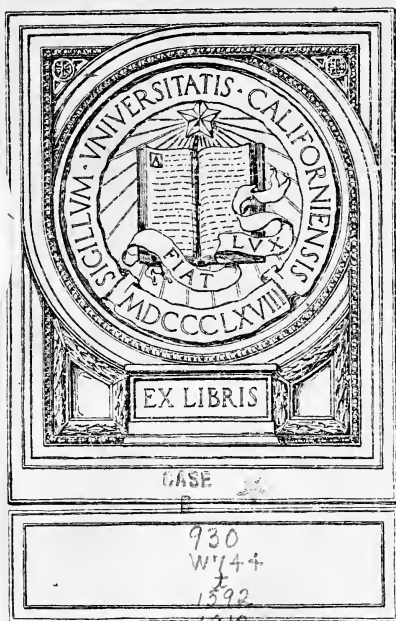


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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

## Tragedy of Tancred and Gismund

by R[obert] W[ilmot] and Others

*Reputed date of earliest known edition . . . . . 1591*

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*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## The Tragedy of Tancred and Gismund

*by R[obert] W[ilmo]t and Others*

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*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXII





# The Tragedy of Tancred and Gismund

By R[obert] W[ilmot] and Others

1592

*For bibliographical details of the printed original copy of this facsimile and of the two earlier manuscript copies, also in the British Museum, the student is referred to the folio facsimile of the Hargrave MS. 205 already issued in this series.*

*Of the printed edition of 1592 the British Museum possesses two copies, both of which are bad in parts and imperfect; this facsimile is taken from the best pages of both copies and other imperfections are made good from the Dyce copy at South Kensington. There is also said to be an early copy in the Bridgewater Collection dated 1591. The date is said to be the only difference, the same sheets being used for both issues.*

*This facsimile has been compared with the original copies with the result that the reproduction is pronounced to be "very good, in fact one of the best of the series."*

JOHN S. FARMER.





THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of Tancred and Gismund.

COMPILED BY THE GEN-  
tlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them pre-  
sented before her MAJESTIE.

*Newly revinued and polished according to the decorum  
of these daies.* By R.W.



LONDON,  
Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be soide by  
R. Robinson. 1592.







¶ To the right VVorshipfull and  
 vertuous Ladies, the L. Marie Peter, & the Ladie  
 Anne Graie, long health of bodie, with qui-  
 et of minde, in the fauor of God and men  
 for euer.



**T**is most certaine ( right vertuous and  
 worshipfull ) that of all humane lear-  
 ning , Poetrie ( how contemptible so e-  
 uer it is in these daies , is the most anci-  
 ent ) and in Poetrie, there is no argument  
 of more antiquitie and elegancie than is  
 the matter of Loue, for it seemes to be as old as the world, &  
 to beare date from the first time that man & woman was:  
 therefore in this, as in the finest mettall, the freshest wits haue  
 in all ages shown their best workmanship. So amongst others  
 these Gentlemen, which with what sweetnesse of voice and  
 liuelinesse of action they then expressed it, they which were  
 of her Maiesties right Honorable maidens can testifie.

Which being a discourse of two louers, perhappes it may  
 seeme a thing neither fit to be offered vnto your Ladyships,  
 nor worthie me to busie my selfe withall: yet can I tell you  
 Madames, it differeth so farre from the ordinarie amorous  
 discourses of our daies, as the manners of our time do from  
 the modestie and innocencie of that age.

And now for that wearie winter is come vpon vs, which  
 bringeth with him drouping daies and tedious nights, if it  
 be true, that the motions of our mindes follow the tempera-  
 ture of the aere wherein we liue, then I thinke, the perusing  
 of some mournfull matter, tending to the view of a notable  
 example, will refresh your wits in a gloomie day, & ease your  
 wearines of the loursing night. Which if it please you, may  
 serue

### The Epistle Dedicatorie.

serue ye also for a solemne reuell against this Festiuall time, for Gismunds bloudie shadow, with a little cost, may be intrated in her selfe-like person to speake to ye.

Having therfore a desire to be knownen to your W I deuised this waie with my selfe to procure the same, perswading my selfe, there is nothing more welcome to your wisdomes, then the knowledge of wise, graue, & worthie matters, tending to the good instructions of youths, of whom you are mothers.

In this respect therefore, I shall humblie desire ye to bestow a fauourable countenance vpon this little labor, which when ye haue graced it withall, I must & will acknowledge my selfe greatly indebted vnto your Ladyships in this behalfe: neither shall I amongst the rest, that admire your rare vertues, (which are not a fewe in Essex) cease to commend this vnderferued gentlenes.

Thus desiring the king of heauen to increase his graces in ye both, granting that your ends may be as honorable, as your lines are vertuous, I leaue with a vaine babble of many needlesse wordes to trouble you longer.

Your Worships most dutifull and humble Orator

Robert Wilmot.









To his friend R. W.

**M**After R. W. looke not now for the fearnes of an  
intreator, I wil beg no longer, and for your pro-  
mises, I wil refuse them as bad payment: neither  
can I be satisfied with any thing, but a peremptorie per-  
formance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I  
meane of those wast papers (as it pleaseth you to cal the,  
but as I esteem them, a most exquisite intution) of *Cis-  
munds Tragedie*. Thinke not to thist me off with longer  
delays, nor alledge moze excuses to get further respite,  
least I arrest you with my *Alum est*, and commence such  
a suite of unkindenesse against you, as when the case  
shalbe scand befoze the Iudges of courtesie, the court wil  
erie out of your inmoderat modestie. And thus much I  
tel you befoze, you shal not be able to wage against me in  
the charges growing vpon this action, especially, if the  
worshipful company of the Inner temple gentlemen pa-  
tronize my cause, as vndoubtedly they wil. yea, & rather  
plead partially for me then let my cause miscary, because  
themselues are parties. The tragedie was by them most  
pitheily framed, and no lesse curiously acted in view of her  
scenely by whom it was then as princely accepted, as  
of the whole honorable audience notably applauded: yea,  
and of al men generally desired, as a work, either in state-  
lines of shew, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poe-  
ticall arte, inferior to none of the best in that kinde: no,  
were the Roman *Seneca* the censurer. The braue youths  
that then (to their high praises) so feelingly perfozmed the  
same in action, did shortly after lay by the booke vnregar-  
ded, or perhaps let it run abzoade (as many parentes doe  
their children once past bandling) not respecting so much  
what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fin-  
gers, as how their heroical wits might againe be quickly  
conceined with new inuentions of like worthines. Where  
of they haue been euer since wonderfull fertill. But this  
orphan of theirs (for he wandzeth as it were fatherlesse)  
bath notwithstanding, by the rare & bewtiful perfections  
appea-

appearing in him, heretto neuer wanted great fauou-  
rers, and louing preseruers. Among whom I cannot suf-  
ficiently commend your more then charitable zeale, and  
scholerly compassion towards him, that haue not only re-  
scued and defended him from the denouring iawes of ob-  
lition, but boughsafed also to apparrel him in a new sute  
at your own charges, wherein he may again more boldly  
come abroad, and by your permission returne to his olde  
parents, clothed perhaps not in richer or more costly fur-  
niture then it went from them, but in handsomnes & fa-  
shion more answerable to these times, wherein fashions  
are so often altered. Let one word suffice for your enco-  
uragement herein: namely, that your commendable pains  
in disrebing him of his antike curiositie, and adorning  
him with the approued guise of our stateliest Englishe  
termes (not diminishing, but more augmenting his arti-  
ficiall colours of absolute poesie, deriued from his first pa-  
rents) cannot but bee grateful to most mens appetites,  
who vpon our experiece we know highly to esteem such  
lofty measures of sententionally composed Tragedies.

*informed*  
How much you shal make me, and the rest of your pri-  
uate friends beholding vnto you, I list not to discourse:  
and therfore grounding vpon these alledged reasons, that  
the suppressing of this Tragedie, so woorthy for y<sup>e</sup> presse,  
were no other thing then wilfully to defraud your selfe  
of an vniuersall thank, your friends of their expectations,  
and sweete ~~S.~~ of a famous eternitie. I will cease to  
doubt of any other pretence to cloake your bashfulnesse,  
hoping to read it in print (which lately lay neglected a-  
mongst your papers) at our next appointed meeting.  
I bid you heartely farewell. From Brigo in Essex, Au-  
gust the eight, 1591.

*Tuus fide & facultate*

Guil. Webbe.





TO THE WORSHIPFULL AND  
*learned Societie, the Gentlemen Students of the Inner  
Temple, with the rest of his singular good friends, the Gen-  
tlemen of the middle Temple, and to all other courteous rea-  
ders, R.W. wisheth increase of all health, worship &  
learning, with the immortall glorie of the  
graces adorning the same.*

**Y**E may perceiue (right Worshipful) in perusing  
the former Epistle sent to mee, how sore I am  
beset with the importunities of my friends, to  
publish this Pamphlet: Truly I am and haue bin (if  
there be in me anie soundnes of iudgement) of this  
opinion, that whatsoever is committed to the presse  
is commended to eternitie, and it shall stand a liuely  
witnes with our conscience, to our comfort or con-  
fusion, in the reckning of that great daie.

Aduitedly the refore was that Prouerbe vsed of  
our elder Philosophers, *Manum a Tabula*: with-hold  
thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the  
print or light of the world: for a lewd word escaped  
is irreuocable, but a bad or base discourse published  
in print is intollerable.

Hereupon I haue indured some conflicts between  
reason and iudgement, whether it were conuenient  
for the common wealch, with the *indecorum* of my  
calling (as some thinke it) that the memorie of *Tan-  
creds* Tragedie should be againe by my meanes, re-  
uiued, which the oftner I read ouer, and the more I  
considered thereon, the sooner I was won to consent  
therunto: calling to mind that neither the thrice re-  
uerend & lerned father M. Beza, was ashamed in his  
yonger yeres, to send abroad in his owne name, his  
Tragedie

*A VINDICATION OF THE TRAGEDY*  
Tragedy of *Abraham*, nor that rare Scot (the scholer  
of our age) *Buchanan*, his most pathetical *Ieptha*.

Indeed I must willingly confesse this worke simple, and not worth comparison to any of theirs: for the writers of them were graue men; of this, young heads: In them is shewn the perfection of their studies; in this, the imperfection of their wits. Nevertheless herein they all agree, commending vertue, detesting vice, and liuely deciphering their ouerthrow that suppress not their vnruely affections. These things noted herin, how simple so euer the verse be, I hope the matter will be acceptable to the wise.

Wherefore I am now bold to present *Gismond* to your sights, and vnto yours only, for therefore haue I coniured her, by the loue that hath bin these 24. yeres betwixt vs, that she waxe not so proude of her fresh painting, to stragle in her plumes abroad, but to contein her selfe within the walles of your house; so am I sure she shal be safe frō the *Tragedian Tyrants* of our time, who are not ashamed to affirme that ther can no amorous poeme fauour of any sharpnes of wit, vnlesse it be seasoned with scurrilous words.

But leauing them to their lewdnes, I hope you, & all discreet readers, wil thankfully receiue my pains, the fruites of my first haruest: the rather, perceiuing that my purpose in this Tragedie, tendeth onely to the exaltation of vertue, & suppression of vice, with pleasure to profit and help all men, but to offend, or hurt no man. As for such as haue neither the grace, nor the good gift to doe well themselues, nor the common honestie, to speak wel of others, I must (as I may) heare and bear their baitings with patience.

*Yours denoted in his ability, R. Wilmot.*









## A Preface to the Queenes Maidens O F H O N O R.

**F**Lowes of prime, pearles couched all in gold,  
Light of our daies that glads the fainting hearts  
Of them that shall your shining geamlis behold,  
Salue of each fore, recure of inward smart,  
In whom Vertue and Beautie striueth so,  
As neither yeelds, behold here for your gaine  
*Gismonds* vnluckie loue, her fault, her wo  
And death, at last her cruell Father slaine  
Through his mishap, and though you do not see,  
Yet reade and rew their wofull Tragedie.  
So Ioue, as your high vertues done deserue,  
Grant you such pheeres, as may your vertues serue  
With like vertues, and blisfull Venus send  
Vnto your happie loues an happie end.

*Another to the same.*

**G***Ismond*, that whilome liu'de her fathers ioy  
And died his death, now dead, doth as she may  
By vs praie you to pittie her annoy.  
And to requite the same, doth humbly pray,  
Heauens to forefend your loues from like decay.  
The faithfull Earle doth also make request,  
Wishing those worthie knights whom ye imbrace,  
The constant truth that lodged in his breast.  
His hartie loue, not his vnhappy case,  
Besall to such as triumph in your grace.

A

The

*The Tragedie*

The King praies pardon of his cruell heft,  
And for amends, desires it may suffice,  
That by his blood he warneth all the rest  
Of fond fathers, that they in kinder wise,  
Intreat the Jewels where their comfort lies.  
We, as their messengers, beseech ye al  
On their behalves, to pittie all their smarts,  
And for our selues, (although the worth be small)  
We praie ye, to accept our humble hearts  
Around to serue with praier and with praise,  
Your Honors, all vnworthie other waies.

**The Tragedie of Tancred**  
*and Gismund.*

*Argumentum Tragedia.*

**T** *Ancred* the Prince of Salerne, ouerloues  
His onely daughter (wonder of that age)  
*Gismund*, who loues the Countie Palurin,  
*Guishard*, who quites her likings with his loue:  
A Letter in a cane, describes the meanes  
Of their two meetings, in a secret caue.  
Vnconstant fortune leadeth forth the king  
To this unhappie sight, wherewith in rage,  
The gentle Earle he doometh to his death,  
And greets his daughter with her louers hart.  
*Gismunda* fills the goblet with her teares,  
And drinks a poison which she had distild,  
Whereof she dies, whose deadly countenance  
So grieues her Father, that he slew himselfe.

An





An other of the same more at large  
in prose.



ANCRE D king of Naples and Prince of Salerne, gaue his only daughter Gismund (whom he most dearly loued) in mariage to a foraine Prince, after whose death she returned home to her Father, who hauing felt great griefe of hir absence whilst her husband liued, imme- surably esteeming her, determined neuer to suffer any second mariage to bereaue him of hir. She on the other side waxing wearie of that her fathers purpose, bent hir mind to the se- cret loue of the Countie Palurin: to whom (he being likewise inflamed with loue of her) by a Letter subtilly inclosed in a clouen cane, she gaue to vnderstand a conuenient waie for their desired meetings, through an old ruinous vault, whose mouth opened directly vnder her chamber floore. Into this vault when she was one day descended (for the conuaince of hir louer) hir father in the meane season (whose only ioy was in his daughter) came to hir chamber, and not finding her there, supposing her to haue bin walked abroad for hir dis- sport, he threw him downe on hir bed, and couered his head with a curtain, minding to abide and rest there till hir re- turne. She nothing suspecting this hir fathers vnseasona- ble comming, brought vp hir louer out of the cane into hir chamber, where hir father espied their secret loue: and hee (not espied of them) was vpon this sight stricken with mer- uailous griefe, but either for that the sodaine despight had amazed him, & taken from him all vse of speecch, or for that he resolved himself to a more couenient reuenge, he then spake nothing, but noted their returne into the vault, and secretly

*The Tragedie*

departed. Afterward bewailing his mishap, he commanded the Earle to be attached, imprisoned, strangled, vnbowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to his daughter: she thankfully receiueth the present, filling the cuppe (wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venimous potion (by her distilled for that purpose) shee dranke to her Earle. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him, that her loue and her selfe, might in one tombe be together buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faithfull lones, which request he graunted, adding to the buriall, himselfe slaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the terror of all other hard hearted fathers.

Actus. i. Scena. i.

*Cupid commeth out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth vpon the stage in a blew twist of silke, from his left hand Vaine hope, Brittle ioy. And with a carnation twist of silke from his right hand, Faire resemblance, Late Repentance.*

*Cupid.* There rest my chariot on the mountaine tops,  
I that in shape appeare vnto your sight  
Anaked boy, not cloathde but with my wings,  
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might  
Ruleth the vast wide world, and liuing things.  
This left hand beares vaine hope, short ioyfull state,  
With faire Resemblance, louers to allure,  
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,  
Warre, fire, bloud, and paines without recure.  
On sweete Ambrosia, is not my foode,  
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the rest  
Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers bloud,  
,, And







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

„ And feed vpon the heart within his breast.  
Well hath my power in heauen and earth bin tride,  
And deepest hell, my pearcing force hath knowen.  
The marble seas, my wonders haue descride,  
Which elder age throughtout the world hath blowen.  
To me, the king of Gods and men doth yeeld,  
As witnes can the Greekish maide, whom I *Io.*  
Made like a cow go lowing through the field,  
Least ieaious Iuno should the scape espie:  
The doubled night, the Sunnes restrained course,  
His secret stealths, the slander to eschew, *Like to*  
In shape transformd, we list not to discourse. *Amphi-*  
All that and more we forced him to do. *trio to*  
The warlike Mars hath not subdude our might, *Alcmena.*  
We feard him not, his furie nor disdaine,  
That can the Gods record : before whose sight  
He laie fast wrapt in Vulcans subtile chaine.  
He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,  
Let him behold the fall and cruell spoile  
Of thee faire Troy, of Asia the flower,  
So foule defast, and leueld with the soile.  
Who forst Leander with his naked brest  
So many nights to cut the frothie waues,  
But Heroes loue, that lay inclosde in Sest :  
The stoutest hearts to me shall yeeld them slaues.  
Who could haue matcht the huge Alcides strength, *Hercules.*  
Great Macedon, what force might haue subdude? *Alexand.*  
Wise Scipio who ouercame at length,  
But we, that are with greater force endude?  
Who could haue conquered the golden fleece  
But Iason, aided by Medeas art?  
Who durst haue stolne faire Helen out of Greece

*The Tragedie*

But I, with loue that boldned Paris heart :  
What bond of nature, what restraint auails  
Against our power: I vouch to witnes truth.  
*Myrrha* The Myrhe tree that with shamefast teares bewailes  
Her fathers loue, still weepeth yet for ruth .  
But now, this world not seeing in these daies,  
Such present proofes of our al-daring power,  
Disdaines our name, and seeketh fundrie waies,  
To scorne and scoffe, and shame vs euerie houre,  
A brat, a bastard, and an idle boy,  
A rod, a staffe, a whip to beate him out,  
And to be sicke of loue, a childish toy,  
These are mine honors now the world about,  
My name disgraft, to raise againe therefore,  
And in this age, mine ancient renowme  
By mightie acts, intending to restore,  
Downe to the earth, in wrath now am I come.  
And in this place, such wonders shall ye heare,  
As these your stubborne, and disdainfull hearts,  
In melting teares, and humble yeelding feare,  
Shall soone relent by sight of others smarts.  
This princely pallace, will I enter in,  
And there inflame, the faire Gismunda, so  
In raging all her secret vaines within,  
Through fire and loue, that she shall feele much wo.  
Too late repentance, thou shalt bend my bow.  
Vaine hope, take out my pale dead heauie shaft,  
Thou faire Resemblance, formost forth shalt go,  
With Brittle ioy: my selfe will not be least,  
But after me, comes death, and deadly paine.  
Thus shall ye march, till we returne againe,  
Meane while, sit still, and here I shall you shew

Such





*of Tancred and Gismunda.*

Such wonders, that at last with one accord,  
Ye shall relent, and saie that now ye know,  
How rules the world, Loue is a mightie Lord, *Exit.*  
*Cupid with his traine entereth into King Tan-*  
*creds Pallace.*

*Gismunda in Purple commeth out of her Chamber, atten-*  
*ded by foure maiides that are the Chorus.*

Scena. 2.

„ **O** Vaine, vnsteadfast state of mortall things, *Gismund.*  
„ Who trusts this world, leans to a brittle stay,  
„ Such fickle fruit, his flattering bloome forth  
„ Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay, (brings  
„ The ioy and blisse that late I did possesse,  
In weale at will, with one I loued best,  
Is turned now into so deepe distresse,  
As teacheth me to know the worlds vnrest.  
For neither wit nor princely stomackes serue  
Against his force that slaies without respect,  
The noble and the wretch: ne doth reserue,  
So much as one, for worthines elect.  
Ah me deare Lord, what wel of teares may serue  
To feed the streames of my foredulled eies,  
To weepe thy death, as thy death doth deserue,  
And waile thy want in full sufficing wise.  
Ye lampes of heauen, and all ye heauenly powers,  
Wherein did he procure your high disdain,  
He neuer sought with vast huge mounting towers  
To reach aloft, and ouer-view your raigne,  
Or what offence of mine was it vnwares,  
That thus your furie should on me be throwen,

To

*The Tragedie*

To plague a woman with such endles cares,  
I feare that enuie hath the heauens this shoven.  
The Sunne his glorious vertues did disdain,  
Mars at his manhood mightily repind,  
Yea all the Gods no longer could sustaine,  
Each one to be excelled in his kind.  
For hemy Lord surpast them euerie one,  
Such was his honor all the world throughout,  
But now my loue, oh whither art thou gone?  
I know thy ghost doth houer here about,  
Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee:  
And I (deare loue) would faine dissolue this strife,  
But staie a while, I may perhaps foresee  
Some meanes to be disburdend of this life,  
„And to discharge the dutie of a wife,  
„Which is, not onely in this life to loue,  
„But after death her fancie not remoue.  
Meane while accept of these our daily rites,  
Which with my maidens I shall do to thee,  
Which is, in songs to cheere our dying spirits  
With hymnes of praises of thy memorie.

*Cantant.*

*Qua mihi cantio nondum occurrit.*

The Song ended,

*Tancred the King commeth out of his pallace with  
his guard. Scæna. 3.*

*Tancred.* Faire daughter, I haue sought thee out with griefe,  
To ease the sorrowes of thy vexed heart.  
How long wilt thou torment thy father thus?  
Who daily dies to see thy needles teares,  
Such bootlesse plaints that know nor meanenorend  
Do but increase the floods of thy lament,

And







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

And since the world knowes wel there was no want  
In thee, of ought that did to him belong  
Yet all thou seest could not his life prolong  
Why the dost thou prouoke the heauens to wrath?  
His doome of death was dated by his starres;  
„And who is he that may withstand his fater?  
By these complaintes small good to him thou doest,  
Much griefe to me, most hurt vnto thy selfe,  
And vnto Nature greatest wrong of all.  
*Gif.* Tell me not of the date of natures daies,  
Then in the Aprill of her springing age;  
No, no, it was my cruell destinie,  
That spited at the pleasance of my life.  
*Tanc.* My daughter knowes the prooue of natures;  
„Foras the heauens do guide the lamp of life (course  
„So can they seach no further forth the flame,  
„Then whilst with oyle they do maintain the same.  
*Gif.* Curst be the starres, and vanish may they curst,  
Or fall from heauen, that in the dire aspect  
Abridge the health and welfare of my loue.  
*Tanc.* Gismund my loy, set all these griefes apart,  
„The more thou art with hard mishap beset,  
„The more thy patience should procure thine ease.  
*Gif.* What hope of hap may cheere my haples chance  
What sighs, what teares may counteruail my cares:  
What should I do, but still his death bewaile,  
That was the solace of my life and soule:  
Now, now I want the wonted guide and stay  
Of my desires, and of my wreakelesse thoughts,  
My Lord, my loue, my life, my liking gone,  
In whome was all the fulnes of my loy,  
To whom I gaue the first fruites of my loue,

Who

*The Tragedie*

Who with the comfort of his onely sight,  
All cares and sorrowes could from me remoue,  
But father, now my ioyes forpast to tel,  
Doe but reuiue the horrors of my hell.  
As she that seemes in darkenes to behold  
The glad some pleasures of the chearefull light.  
*Tanc.* What then auails thee fruitlesse thus to rue  
His absence whom the heauens cannot returne:  
Impartiall death thy husband did subdue,  
Yet hath he spar'd thy kingly fathers life:  
Who during life, to thee a double stay,  
As father, and as husband will remaine,  
With doubled lotue to ease thy widowes want.  
Of him whose want is cause of thy complaint,  
Forbeare thou therefore all these needlesse teares,  
That nippe the blossoms of thy beauties pride.  
*Gif.* Father, these teares loue chalngeth of due.  
*Tan.* But reason saith thou shouldst the same subdue.  
*Gif.* His funerals are yet before my sight.  
*Tan.* In endles mones Princes should not delight.  
*Gif.* The turtle pines in losse of her true mate.  
*Tan.* And so continues poore and desolate.  
*Gif.* Who can forget a Jewell of such price?  
*Tanc.* She that hath learned to master her desires.  
„ Let reason worke that time doth easlie frame  
„ In meanest wittes: to beare the greatest illes.  
*Gif.* So plenteous are the springs  
Of sorrowes that increase my passions,  
As neither reason can recure my smart,  
Nor can your care, nor fatherly comfort  
Appease the stormie combats of my thoughts,  
Such is the sweet remembrance of his life.  
Then geue me leaue, of pittie pittie me,





of Tancred and Gismund.

And as I can I shall allay these greefes.

Tan. These solitarie walks thou doest frequent,

Ye eld fresh occasions to thy secrete mones;

We wil therefore thou keep vs companie,

Leauing thy maidens with their harmonie.

Wend thou with vs, virgins with draw your selues.

Tan. and Gis. with the Gard, depart into the pällace, the

four maydens stay behind, as Chorus to the Tragadie.

The diuers haps which alwayes worke our care,

Our ioyes so farre, our woes so neere at hand,

Haue long ere this, and daily doe declare

The fickle foot on which our state doeth stand.

„ Who plants his pleasures here to gather roote,

„ And hopes his happy life wil still endure,

„ Let him behold how death with stealing foot

„ Steps in, when he shall thinke his ioyes most sure,

„ No ransom serueth to redeem our daies

If prowes could preserue, or worthy deedes,

He had yet liu'd whose twelue labours displayes

His endlesse fame, and yet his honor spreades

And that great king that with so small a power

Bereft the mightie Persian his crowne.

Doeth witness well our life is but a flower,

Though it be deckt with honor and renowne.

„ What growes to day in fauor of the heauen,

„ Nurst with the sun, and with the showers sweete,

„ Pluckt with the hand it withereth ere euen.

„ So passe our daies euen as the riuers fleete.

The valiant Greekes that vnto Troy gaue

The renne yeeres siege, left but their names behind.

And he that did so long and onelie saue

His fathers walles, found there at last his end.

Chor. 1.

Alexander.

Chor. 2.

Hector.

*The Tragedie*

Proud Rome herselfe, that whillome laid her yoke  
On the wide world, and vanquisht all with warre,  
Yet could she not remoue the fatall stroke  
Of death, from them that stretcht her power so farre:

Chor. 3.

Locke what the cruell sisters once decreed  
That they should see him selfe cannot remoue  
They are the Ladies of our destinies  
To worke beneath, what is conspired above,

But happie he that ends this mortall life,  
By speedie death, who is not faine to seee

The many cares, nor feele the sorrowes grieues  
Which we sustaine in woe and miserie

Heere Fortune rules, who when she list to play,  
Whirleth her wheele, and brings the high full low,

To morrow takes what she hath giuen to daie,  
To shew speed in aduance, and ouerthrow

Not Euripus vnquiet floud so oft  
Ebbes in a daie, and floweth too and fro,

As Fortunes change, pluckes downe that was aloft,  
And mingleth joy with bitter change of woe.

Chor. 4.

„Who liues below, and feelth not the strokes,  
„Which often times on highest towers do fall,

„Nor blustering winds, wherewith the strongest oakes  
Are rent and torne, his life is surer of all:

For he may scape the Fortune, that hath no power  
On him, that is well pleas'd with his estate

He seeketh not her sweets, nor feares her fower,  
But liues contented in his quiet rate,

And marking how these worldly things do wade,  
Retireth to himselfe, and laughs to seee

The folly of men, that in their wits haue made,  
Fortune a goddesse placed in the skie.

*Finis Actus 1. Exegit Rod. Staf.*







**D**Eare Aunt, my sole companion in distresse, Gismund.  
And true copartner of my thoughtfull cares :  
When with my selfe; I way my present state,  
Comparing it with my forepassed daies,  
New heapes of cares, afflicke beginner's assay  
My pensue heart: as when the glittering raies,  
Of bright *Phæbus*, are sodainely ore-spread,  
With duskie clouds, that dim his golden light,  
Namely, when I, laid in my widowes bed,  
Amid the silence, of the quiet night,  
With curious thought, the fleeting course obserue,  
Of glad some youth: how soone his flower decaies.  
„ How time once past, may neuer haue recourse,  
„ No more then may the running streames reuert,  
„ To climbe the hilles, when they bin rowled down  
„ The hollow vales, there is no curious art,  
„ Nor worldlie power, no not the gods can hold  
„ The sway of flying time, nor him returne  
„ When he is past: all things vnto his might  
„ Must bend, and yeeld, vnto the Iron teeth  
„ Of eating time: this in the shedy night,  
When I record, how soone my youth withdrawes  
It selfe away, how swift my pleasaunt spring  
Runnes out his race, this this (Aunt) is the cause.  
When I aduise me sadlie on this thing,  
That makes my heart, in pensue dumps dismaid.  
For if I should, my springing yeares neglect,  
And suffer youth, fruitles to fade away:  
Whereto liue I? or whereto was I borne:

*The Tragedie*

Wherefore hath nature deckt me with her graces:  
Why haue I tasted the delights of loue?  
And felt the sweets of Hymeneus bed?  
But to say sooth (deare Aunt) it is not I  
Sole and alone, can thus content to spend  
My chearefull yeares: my father will not still  
Prolong my mournings, which haue grieued him,  
And pleased me too long. Then this I craue,  
To be resolu'd of his princelie minde.  
For, stood it with the pleasure of his will  
To marrie me, my fortune is not such,  
So hard, that I so long should still persist  
Makelesse alone in wofull widowhood,  
And shall I tell mine Aunt? come hether then,  
Geue me that hand, by thine owne right hand,  
I charge thy heart my counsell to conceale:  
Late haue I seene, and seeing took delight  
And with delight, I will not say, I loue;  
A Prince, an Earle, a Countis in the Court.  
But loue and duetie force me to refrain,  
And driue away these fond affections,  
Submitting them vnto my fathers heft:  
But this (good Aunt) this is my chiefest paine,  
Because I stand at such vncertaine stay:  
For if my kinglie father would decreet  
His finall doome, that I must leade my life  
Such as I doe, I would content me then  
To frame my fancies to his princely heate,  
And as I might, endure the griefe thereof.  
But now his silence doubleth all my doubts,  
Whilest my suspitious thoughts twixt hope & feare,  
Distract me into sundrie passions.

There.





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Therefore (good Aunt) this labour must be yours,  
To vnderstand my fathers will herein:  
For wel I know your wisdom knowes the meanes,  
So shall you both allay my stormie thoughts,  
And bring to quiet my vnquiet mind.

*Luc.* Sufficeth this (good Neece) that you haue said.

For I perceiue what sundrie passions

Striue in your brest, which oftentimes ere this

Your countenance confused did bewray,

The ground whereof since I perceiue to grow

On iust respect of this your sole estate,

And skilfull care of fleeting youths decay,

Your wise foresight such sorrowing to eschew

I much commend, and promise as I may

To breake this matter, and impart your mind,

Vnto your father, and to worke it so,

As both your honor shal not be impeacht,

Nor he vn satisfied of your desire.

Be you no farther greeued, but returne

Into your chamber. I shall take this charge,

And you shall shortlie truely vnderstand

What I haue wrought, and what the king affirms.

*Gif.* I leaue you to the fortune of my starres.

*Gif. departeth into her chamber, Luc. abiding on the stage.*

*Luc.* The heauens I hope will fauour your request.

My Neece shall not impute the cause to be

In my default, her will should want effect:

But in the king is all my doubt, least he

My suite for her new mariage should reiect.

Yet shall I proue him: and I heard it said,

He meanes this euening in the parke to hunt,

Here will I wait attending his approach.

*Tancred*

*The Tragedie*

*Tancred commeth out of his Pallace with Guisard the Countie Palurine, Iulio the Lord Chamberlaine, Renuchio captaine of his Guard, all ready to hunt.*

*Scena 2.*

*Tancred.*

**V**Ncouple all our hounds: Lords to the chase:  
Faire sister Lucre, what's the newes with you?

*Luc.*

Sir, as I alwaies haue imployd my power,  
And faithfull seruice, such as lay in me,  
In my best wise, to honour you and yours:  
So now, my bounden dutie moueth me,  
Your maiestie most humbly to intreat,  
With patient eares, to vnderstand the state,  
Of my pore neece, your daughter. *Tanc.* what of her?  
Is she not well? Inloyes she not her health?  
Say sister, ease me of this iealous feare?

*Lucr.* She liues my Lord, & hath her outward helth,  
But all the danger of her sicknes lies  
In the disquiet of her princelie mind:

*Tan.* Resolue me: what afflicts my daughter so,

*Lucr.* Since when the Princes hath intomb'd her  
Her late diseased husband of renowne: (Lord

Brother, I see, and verie well perceiue,

She hath not clofde together in his graue,

All sparkes of nature, kindnes, nor of loue:

But as she liues, so liuing may she feele,

Such passions as our tender hearts oppresse,

Subiect vnto th'impressions of desire:

For well I wot, my neece was neuer wrought,

Of Steele, nor carued from the Itonie rocke,

Such steurne hardnes, we ought not to expect,

In her, whose princelie heart, and springing yeares,

Yet







Yet flowing in the chiefeſt heat of youth,  
Iſlead of force, to feed on ſuch conceits,  
As eaſilie befaller that age, which asketh ruth  
Of them, whome nature bindeth by foresight  
Of their graue yeares, and carefull loue to reach,  
The things that are about their feeble force:  
And for that cauſe, dread Lord although.

*Tanc.* Siſter I ſay.

If you eſteeme, or ought reſpect my life,  
Her honor, and the welfare of our houſe,  
Forbeare, and wade no further in this ſpeech.  
Your words, are wounds, I verie well perceiue,  
The purpoſe of this ſmooth oration:  
This I ſuſpected, when you firſt began,  
This faire diſcourſe with vs: Is this the end  
Of all our hopes, that we haue promiſed  
Vnto our ſelfe, by this her widdowhood?  
Would our deare daughter, would our onely ioy,  
Would ſhe forſake vs: would ſhe leaue vs now?  
Before ſhe hath cloſed vp, our dying eies,  
And with her teares, bewaild our funerall  
No other ſolace, doth her father craue,  
But whilſt the fates, maintaine his dying life,  
Her healthfull preſence, gladſome to his ſoule,  
Which rather then he willing would for-goe,  
His heart deſires, the bitter taſt of death:  
Her late marriage, hath taught vs to our griefe,  
That in the fruits, of her perpetuall ſight  
Conſiſts the onely comfort and reliefe,  
Of our vnweldy age: for what delight  
What ioy: what comfort: haue we in this world,  
Now grown in yeares, and ouer-worne with cares,

*The Tragedie*

Subiect vnto the sodain stroke of death,  
Already falling like the mellowed fruite,  
And dropping by degrees into our graue.  
But what reuiues vs? what maintaines our soule  
Within the prison of our withered brest?  
But our *Gismunda* and her chearefull sight.  
O daughter, daughter, what desert of mine,  
Wherein haue I beene so vnkind to thee?  
Thou shouldst desire to make my naked house  
Yet once againe stand desolate by thee?  
O let such fantasies vanish with their thoughts,  
Tell her I am her father, whose estate,  
Wealth, honor, life, and all that we possesse,  
Whollie relies vpon her presence here.  
Tell her I must account her all my ioy,  
Worke as she will: But yet she were vniust,  
To haste his death that liueth by her sight

*Lucr.* Her gentle hart abhors such ruthles thoughts.

*Tan.* Then let her not geue place to these desires.

*Lucr.* She craues the right that nature chalengeth.

*Tan.* Tell her the king commaundeth otherwise.

*Lucr.* The kings comādmēt alwaies should be iust.

*Tan.* What ere it be the kings commaund is iust.

*Lucr.* Iust to commaund: but iustlie must be charge.

*Tanc.* He chargeth iustlie that commands as king.

*Lucr.* The kings command concerns the body best.

*Tan.* The king commands obedience of the minde.

*Luc.* That is exempted by the law of kinde,

*Tan.* That law of kind to children doth belong.

*Luc.* In due obedience to their open wrong.

*Tan.* I then, as king and father, will commaund.

*Luc.* No more then may with right of reason stand.

*Tan.*





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

*Tan.* Thou knowest our minde, resolute her, depart,  
Returne the chase, we haue beene chac'd enough.

*Tancred returneth into his pallace, & leaueth the hunt.*

*Luc.* He cannot heare, anger hath stopt his eares.  
And ouer-loue his iudgement hath decaide.  
Ah my poore Neece, I shrewdly feare thy cause.  
Thy iust complaint shall neuer be relieu'd.

*Gismunda commeth alone out of her chamber.*

Scæna 3.

*Gif.* **B**Y this I hope my aunt hath mou'd the king.  
And knows his mind, & makes return to me  
To end at once all this perplexitie.

Lo where she stands. Oh how my trembling heart  
In doubtfull thoughts panteth within my brest.  
For in her message doth relie my smart,  
Or the sweet quiet of my troubled minde.

*Luc.* Neece, on the point you lately willed me  
To treat of with the king in your behalfe,  
I brake euen now with him so farre, till he  
In sodain rage of griefe, ere I scarce had  
My tale out tolde, praid me to stint my suite,  
As that from which his minde abhorred most.  
And well I see his fansie to refuse,  
Is but displeasure gainde, and labor lost.  
So firmly fixed stands his kingly will,  
That til his body shalbe laid in graue,  
He will not part from the desired sight  
Of your presence, which silder he should haue,  
If he had once allied you againe,  
In marriage to any prince or peere.

*The Tragedie*

This is his finall resolution.

*Gif.* A resolution that resolues my blood  
Into the Ice-sie drops of Lethes flood,

*Luc.* Therefore my counsel is, you shall not sturre,  
Nor further wade in such a case as this:

But since his will, is grounded on your loue,  
And that it lies in you, to saue or spill,  
His old fore-wasted age : you ought t'elchew,  
The thing that greeues so much his crazed heart,  
And in the state you stand, content your selfe:  
And let this thought, appease your troubled mind,  
That in your hands, relies your fathers death,  
Or blisfull life, and since without your sight,  
He cannot liue, nor can his thoughts indure,  
Your hope of marriage, you must then relent,  
And ouer-rule these fond affections:

Least it be said, you wrought your fathers end.

*Gif.* Deare Aunt, I haue with patient eares indurde,  
The hearing of my fathers hard behest:

And since I see, that neither I my selfe,  
Nor your request, can so preuaile with him,  
Nor anie sage aduice perswade his mind  
To grant me my desire, In willing wife,  
I must submit me vnto his command,  
And frame my heart to serue his maiestie.  
And (as I may) to driue awaie the thoughts  
That diuerfly distract my passions,  
Which as I can, Ile labour to subdue,  
But sore I feare, I shall but toile in vaine,  
Wherein (good Aunt) I must desire your paine.

*Luc.* What lies in me by comfort or aduice,  
I shall discharge with all humilitie.

*Gismund and Lucre depart into Gismunds chamber.*







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Chorus primus.

Who markes our former times and present yeres,  
What we are now, and lookes what we haue bin,  
He cannot but lament with bitter teares,  
The great decay and change of all women.  
For as the world wore on and waxed olde,  
So vertue quaild, and vice began to grow.  
So that, that age, that whilome was of golde,  
Is worse than brasse, more vile than yron now,  
The times were such, that if we ought beleue  
Of elder daies) women examples were,  
Of rare vertues : Lucre disdained to liue  
Longer then chaste : and boldly without feare  
Tooke sharpe reuenge on her enforced heart,  
With her owne hands: for that it not withstood  
The wanton will, but yeelded to the force  
Of proud *Tarquin*, who bought hir fame with blood.  
Queene *Artemissa* thought an hepe of stones, Chor. 2.  
(Although they were the wonder of that age)  
A worthlesse graue, wherein to rest the bones  
Of her deare Lord, but with bold courage,  
She dranke his heart, and made her louely breast  
His tombe, and failed not of wifely faith,  
Of promist loue, and of her bound behest,  
Vntill she ended had her daies by death.  
Vlysses wife (such was her stedfastnesse)  
Abode his slow returne whole twentie yeeres :  
And spent her youthfull daies in pensiuenes,  
Bathing her widdowes bed with brinish teares.  
The stout daughter of *Cato Brutus* wife, *Portia* Chor. 3.  
When she had heard his death, did not desire  
Longer to liue : and lacking vse of knife,

*The Tragedie.*

(A most strange thing) ended her life by fire,  
And eat whot burning coales: O worthy dame!  
O vertues worthy of eternall praise!  
The flood of Lethe cannot wash out thy fame,  
To others great reproach, shame, and dispraise.

Chor. 4.

*Rare are those vertues now in womens mind,  
Where shall we seeke such iewels passing strange?  
Scarfe can you now among a thousand finde  
One woman stedfast: all delight in change.  
Marke but this princeesse that lamented here,  
Of late so sore her noble husbands death,  
And thought to liue alone without a pheare,  
Behold how soone she changed hath that breath.  
I thinke those Ladies that haue liu'd ofore,  
A mirror and a glasse to womenkinde,  
By those their vertues they did set such store,  
That vnto vs they none bequeath'd behinde.  
Els in so many yeeres we might haue seene  
As vertuous as euer they haue beene.*

Chor. 1.

Yet let not vs maydens condemn our kinde,  
Because our vertues are not all so rare:  
For we may freshly yet record in minde,  
There liues a virgin, one without compare:  
Who of all graces hath her heauenly share:  
In whose renowme, and for whose happie daies,  
Let vs record this Pæan of her praise.

*Cantant.*

*Finis Actus 2.*

*Per Hen. No.*

*Actus. 3.*

*Scæna. 1.*

*Cupid.*

**S**O, now they feel what lordly loue can d  
that proudly practise to deface his nam





In vaine they wraſtle with ſo fierce a foe,  
of little ſparkes ariſe a blazing flame.  
„ By ſmall occaſions loue can kindle heate,  
„ and waſt the Oken breſt to cinder duſt:  
*Giſmund* I haue entifed to forget  
her widdowes weedes, and burne in raging luſt:  
Twas I enforſt her father to denie  
her ſecond marriage to any peere:  
Twas I allur'd her once againe to trie  
the ſower ſweetes that Louers buy too deere,  
The Countie *Palurin*, a man right wiſe,  
a man of exquisite perfections:  
I haue like wounded with her pearſing eyes,  
and burnt her heart with his reflections.  
Theſe two ſhall ioy in taſting of my ſweete,  
to make them proue more feelingly the greefe  
That bitter brings: for when their ioyes ſhall fleete,  
their dole ſhalbe increaſt without releefe.  
Thus loue ſhall make worldlings to know his might,  
thus loue ſhall force great princes to obey:  
Thus loue ſhall daunt each proud rebelling ſpirite,  
thus loue ſhall wreake his wrath on their decay.  
Their ghoſtes ſhall doe black hell to vnderſtand,  
how great and wonderfull a God is Loue:  
And this ſhall learne the Ladies of this lande,  
with patient mindes his mighty power to proue.  
From whence I did deſcend now will I mount,  
to Ioue, and all the Gods in their delights:  
In throne of triumph there will I recount,  
how I by ſharpe reuenge on mortall wights,  
Haue taught the earth, and learned helliſh ſpirites  
to yeeld with feare their ſtubburn hearts to loue:

Lefſt

*The Tragedie*  
Least their disdain, his plagues and vengeance proue  
*Cupid remounteth into the heauens.*

*Lucrece commeth out of Gismunds Chamber solitary.*

Scena. 2.

*Luc.* **P**Itie, that moueth euery gentle heart,  
To rue their griefs, that be distrest in pain,  
Inforceth me, to waile my neeces smart,  
Whose tender brest, no long time may sustaine,  
The restless toyle, that her vnquiet mind,  
Hath causd her feeble bodie to indure,  
But why it is, (alacke) I must not find,  
Nor know the man, by whome I might procure  
Her remedie, as I of dutie ought,  
As to the law of kindship, doth belong,  
With carefull heart, the secret meanes I sought,  
Though small effect, is of my trauell sprong:  
Full often as I durst, I haue assaid,  
With humble words, the princes to require,  
To name the man, which she hath so denaid,  
That it abasht me, further to desire, (ceed,  
Or aske from whence, those cloudie thoughts pro-  
Whose stonie force: that smokie sighs forth send,  
Is liuelie witnes, how that carefull dread,  
And hot desire, within her doe contend:  
Yet she denies, what she confest of yore,  
And then conioynd me, to conceale the same:  
She loued once, (she saith) but neuer more,  
Nor euer will, her fancie thereto frame:  
Though daily, I obserued in my brest,  
What sharpe conflicts, disquiet her so sore,  
That







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

That heauy sleep cannot procure her rest,  
But fearefull dreames present her euermore  
Most hideous sights her quiet to molest.  
That starting oft therewith she doth awake,  
To muse vpon those fancies which torment  
Her thoughtfull heart with horror, that doth make  
Her cold chil sweat break soorth incontinent  
From her weake lims: and while the quiet night  
Geues others rest, she turning to and fro  
Doth wish for day. But when the day brings light,  
She keepes her bed, there to record her woe.  
As soon as when she riseth flowing teares  
Stream down her chekes, immixt with dedly grones  
Whereby her inward sorow so appeares,  
That as salt teares the cruell cause bemones.  
In case she be constrained to abide  
In preace of company, she scarcely may  
Her trembling voice restraîne it be not spied  
From careful plaints her sorrowes to bewray.  
By which restraint the force doth so increase,  
When time and place geue liberty to plaine.  
That as small streames from running neuer cease,  
Til they returne into the seas againe:  
So her laments we feare wil not amend,  
Before they bring her Princely life to end.  
To others talke when as she should attend,  
Her heaped cares her senses so oppresse,  
That what they speak, or wherto their words tende  
She knowes not, as her answeres do expresse.  
Her chiefe delight is stil to be alone,  
Her pensive thoughts within themselues debate,  
But whereupon this restless life is growen,

*The Tragedie*

Since I know not nor how the same t'abate:  
I can no more but wish it as I may,  
That he which knowes it would the same allay,  
For which the Muses with my song shal pray.

*After the song, which was by report very sweetely repeated of the Chorus, Lucrece departeth into Gismunds chamber, and Guiszhard commeth out of the Pallace with Iulio & Renuchio, gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and saith.*

*Scæna. 3.*

*Guif.* **L**eaue me my friends, this solitarie walke  
Intifeth me to breake your companie.  
Leaue me my friends, I can endure no talk.  
Let me intreat this common curtesie.

*The Gentlemen depart.*

WHat greuous pain they dure which neither may  
Forget their Loues, ne yet enioy their loue.  
I know by prooffe, and daily make assay,  
Though Loue hath brought my Ladies hart to loue  
My faithfull loue with like loue to requite:  
This doeth not quench, but rather cause to flame  
The creeping fire, which spreading in my brest  
With raging heat, graunts me no time of rest.  
If they bewaile their cruell destenie,  
Which spend their loue wher they no loue can find  
Wel may I plaine, since Fortune haleth me  
To this torment of far more greuous kind.  
Wherein I feele as much extremitie,  
As may be felt in body or in minde.  
For by that sight which should recure my paine,  
My sorowes are redoubled all in vaine.  
Now I perceiue that only I alone  
Am her belou'd, her looks assure me so:





*of Tancred and Gismond.*

The thought thereof prouokes me to bemoane  
Her heauy plight that greeueth at my woe.  
This entercourse of our affections:  
I her to serue, she thus to honor me,  
Bewraies the trueth of our elections,  
Delighting in this mutual sympathie.  
Thus loue for loue intreates the Queen of loue,  
That with her help Loues solace we may proue.  
I see my mistres seekes as well as I  
To stay the strife of her perplexed mind:  
Full faine she would our secrete companie,  
If she the wished way therof might finde.  
Heauens haue ye seen, or hath the age of man  
Recorded such a myracle as this?  
In equall loue two noble harts to frame,  
That neuer spake one with anothers blisse,  
I am assured that she doth assent,  
To my reliefe that I should reape the same,  
If she could frame the meanes of my content,  
Keeping her selfe from danger of defame.  
In happy houre right now I did receiue  
This came from her: which gift though it be small,  
Receiuing it what ioyes I did conceiue,  
Within my fainting spirits therewithall,  
Who knoweth loue aright may wel conceaue,  
By like aduentures that to them befall.  
„ For needs the Louer must esteeme that well,  
„ Which comes from her with whom his hart doth  
Assuredly it is not without cause (dwel.  
She gaue me this: something she meant thereby:  
For therewithall I might perceiue her pause  
Awhile, as though some waightie thing did lie

*The Tragedie*

Vpon her heart, which he conceald, because  
The standers by should not our loues descrie,  
This clift bewraies that it hath been disclosde.  
Perhaps herein she hath something inclosde.

*He breakes it.*

O thou great thunderer! who would not serue,  
Where wit with beautie chosen haue their place,  
Who could deuise more wisely to conferue  
Things from suspect? O *Venus*, for this grace  
That daines me, all vnworthy, to deserue  
So rare a loue, in heauen I should thee place.  
This sweet letter some ioyfull newes conteines.  
I hope it brings recure to both our paines.

*He reades it.*

*Mine owne, as I am yours, whose heart (I know)*  
*No lesse then mine, for lingering help of woe*  
*Doth long too long: Loue tendering your case*  
*And mine, hath taught recure of both our pain.*  
*My chamber floure doth hide a caue, where was*  
*An olde vautes mouth: the other in the plaine*  
*Doeth rise Southward, a furlong from the wall,*  
*Descend you there. This shall suffice. And so*  
*I yeeld my selfe, mine honor, life and all,*  
*To you. Use you the same as there may grow*  
*Your blisse and mine (mine Earle) and that the same*  
*Free may abide from danger of defame.*  
*Farewell, and fare so well as that your ioy*  
*Which onely can, may comfort mine annoy.*

*Tours more then his owne, Gismund.*

O blisful chance my sorowes to assuage.  
Wonder of nature, maruell of our age,  
Comes this from *Gismund*? did she thus infold  
This letter in the cance? may it be so?







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

It were too sweet a ioy, I am deceu'd.  
Why shall I doubt, did she not giue it me?  
Therewith she smilde, she ioyde, she raught the cane  
And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me:  
And as we danst, she dallied with the cane,  
And sweetly whispered I should be her king,  
And with this cane the scepter of our rule,  
Command the sweets of her surpris'd heart.  
Therewith she raught from her alluring lockes,  
This golden tresse, the fauour of her grace,  
And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me.  
O peereles Queene, my ioy, my hearts decree;  
And thou faire Letter, how shall I welcome thee:  
Both hand and pen wherewith thou written wert,  
Blest may ye be, such solace that impart,  
And blessed be this cane, and he that taught  
Thee to descric the hidden entrie thus:  
Not onely through a darke and dreadfull vault,  
But fire and sword, and through what euer be,  
Mistres of my desires, I come to thee.

*Guiscard departeth in hast vnto the pallace.*

Chorus. 1.

Right mightie is thy power, O cruell Loue,  
High Loue him selfe cannot resist thy bow,  
Thou sent'st him down, euen frō the heauens aboue,  
In sundrie shapes here to the earth below,  
Then how shall mortall men escape thy dart?  
The feruent flame, and burning of thy fire?  
Since that thy might is such, and since thou art,  
Both of the seas and land the Lord and fire.  
But why doth he that sprung from Ioues high head? Chor.  
And Phoebus sist'r shene, despise thy power?

*The Tragedie*

Ne feares thy bow: why haue they alwaies led  
A maiden life, and kept vntoucht the flowre?  
Why doth *Aegisthus* loue: and to obtaine  
His wicked wil, conspires his vnckles death,  
Or why doth *Phædra* burne: for whom is slaine  
*Theſeus* chaste sonne? or *Helen* false of faith?  
,, For Loue assaults not but the idle heart,  
,, And such as liue in pleasure and delight,  
,, He turne th oft their glad some ioyes to smart,  
,, Their play to plaint, their sport into despite,  
Tis true that *Dian* chaseth with her bow,

Chor. 3. The flying Hart, the Goat and fomie Bore,  
By hil, by dale, in heat, in frost, in snow,  
She recketh not, but laboureth euer more.  
Loue seeks not her, ne knoweth where her to finde,  
Whil'st *Paris* kept his heard on *Ida* downe  
Cupid nere sought him out, for he is blinde,  
But when he left the field to liue in towne,  
He fel into his snare, and brought that brand  
From Greece to Troy, which after set on fire  
Strong *Ilium*, and al the *Phryges* land:

Chor. 4. ,, Such are the fruites of loue, such is his hire.  
Who yeeldeth vnto him his captiue heart,  
Ere he resist, and holds his open breast  
Withouten war to take his bloody dart,  
Let him not thinke to shake off when him list  
His heauy yoke. ,, Resist his first assault,  
,, Weake is his bow, his quenched brand is cold,  
,, Cupid is but a child, and cannot daunt  
,, The minde that beares him, or his vertues bold.  
But he geues poyson so to drinke in golde.  
And hideth vnder pleasant baites his hooke,

But





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

But ye beware, it wil be hard to hold  
Your greedy minds, but if ye wisely looke  
What lye snake lurkes vnder those flowers gay,  
But ye mistrust some clowdie smokes, and feare  
A stormy shower after so faire a day.  
Ye may repent, and buy your pleasure deare,  
For seldome times is Cupid wont to send  
„ Vnto an idel loue a ioyful end.

*Finis Actus 3. G. Al.*

*Before this Act Megara riseth out of hell, with the o-  
ther Furies, Alecto and Tyssphone, dancing an  
hellish round: which done she saith.*

*Actus. 3. Scena. 1.*

**S**isters be gone, bequeath the rest to me,  
That yet belongs vnto this Tragædie.

*The two Furies depart down.*

Vengeance and death from soorth the deepest hell  
I bring the cursed house where *Gismund* dwels.  
Sent from the grislie god that holds his raigne  
In Tartars vglie Realm, where Pelops sire  
(Who with his own sonnes flesh whom he had slain:  
Did feast the Gods) with famin hath his hire.  
To gape and catch at flying fruites iu vaine,  
And yeelding waters to his gasping throte,  
Where stormie *Æoles* sonne with endlesse paine  
Rowles vp the rock: where *Titius* hath his lot  
To feede the Gripe that gnawes his growing heart.  
Where proud *Ixion* wherled on the wheele,

Pursues

*The Tragedie*

Pursues himselfe: where due deserued smart  
The damned Ghosts in burning flame do seele,  
From thence I mount: thither the winged God,  
Nephew to Atlas, that vpholds the skie,  
Of late downe from the earth, with golden rod,  
To Strigian Firrie, Salerne soules did guide,  
And made report, how Loue that lordly boy,  
Highly disdaining his renownes decay,  
Slipt downe from heauen, haue fild with fickle ioy,  
Gismunds heart, and made her throw awaie  
Chastnes of life, to her immortall shame,  
Minding to shew by prooffe of her foule end,  
Some terror vnto those that scorne his name.  
Blacke Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend  
In winning Ceres daughter Queene of hels)  
And Parthie moued by the griued Ghost  
Of her late husband, that in Tartar dwels,  
Who praid due paines for her, that thus hath lost  
All care of him, and of her chastitie,  
The Senate then of hell by graue aduice  
Of Minos, Æac, and of Radamant,  
Commands me draw this hatefull aire, and rise  
Aboue the earth, with dole and death to dant  
The pride and present ioyes, wherewith these two  
Feed their disdained hartes, which now to do  
Behold I come, with instruments of death.  
This stinging Inake which is of hate and wrath,  
Ile fixe vpon her fathers heart full fast,  
And into hers, this other will I cast,  
Whose rankling venome shall infect them so  
With enuious wrath, and with recurelesse wo  
Each shall be others plague and ouerthrow.

„Furies







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

„ Furies must aide when men surcease to know  
„ Their gods: and hel sends foorth reuenging paine  
„ On those whom shame from sin cannot restraine.

*Megara entreth into the pallace, and meeteth with  
Tancred comming out of Gismunds chamber  
with Renuchio and Iulia, upon whom she throweth  
her Snake.*

Scena. 2.

*Tan.* **G**ods are ye guyds of iustice and reuenger:  
O thou great Thunderer, doest thou be-  
holde

With watchful eyes the subtile scapes of men  
Hardned in shame, scar'd vp in the desire  
Of their owne lustes: why then dost thou withhold  
The blast of thy reuenge? why doest thou graunt  
Such liuely breath, such lewd occasion  
To execute their shamelesse villanie?  
Thou, thou art cause of al this open wrong,  
Thou that forbear'st thy vengeance all too long,  
If thou spare them raine then vpon my head  
The fulnesse of thy plagues with deadly ire,  
To reauce this ruthfull soule, who all too fore  
Burnes in the wrathfull torments of reuenge.  
O earth the mother of each liuing wight,  
Open thy wombe, deuour this withered corps,  
And thou O hel, (if other hel there be  
Then that I feele) receiue my soule to thee.  
O daughter, daughter, wherefore do I grace  
Her with so kind a name? O thou fond girle,  
The shamefull ruine of thy fathers house,

E

Is

*The Tragedie*

Is this my hoped ioy: is this the stay  
Must glad my grieve-ful yeares that wast away?  
For life which first thou didst receiue from me,  
Ten thousand deaths shal I receiue by thee:  
For al the ioyes I did repose in thee,  
Which I (fond man) did settle in thy sight,  
Is this my recompence: that I must see  
The thing so shameful, and so villanous:  
That would to God this earth had swallowed  
This worthlesse burthen into lowest deepes,  
Rather then I (accursed) had beheld  
The sight that howerly massacars my life.  
O whether, whether flyest thou soorth my soule:  
O whether wandreth my tormented mind:  
Those paines that make the miser glad of death  
Haue ccaz'd on me, and yet I cannot haue  
What villains may commaund, a speedie death.  
Whom shal I first accuse for this outrage?  
That God that guideth all, and guideth so  
This damned deede. Shal I blaspheme their names:  
The gods the authors of this spectacle:  
Or shal I iustly curse that cruel starre  
Whose influence assigned this destinie:  
But nay, that traitor, shal that vile wretch liue  
By whom I haue receau'd this iniurie?  
Or shal I longer make account of her  
That fondly prostitutes her widowes shame?  
I haue bethought me what I shall request.

*He kneeles.*

On bended knees, with hands heau'd vp to he auen  
This (sacred senate of the Gods) I craue,  
First on the traytor your counsining ire:

Next





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Next, on the cursed strumpet dire reuenge:  
Last, on my selfe, the wretched father, shame.

*He riseth.*

Oh could I stampe, and therewithall commaund  
Armies of Furies to assist my heart,  
To prosecute due vengeance on their soules.  
Heare me my friends, but as ye loue your liues,  
Replie not to me, hearken and stand amaz'd,  
When I (as is my wont) oh fond delight,  
Went forth to seek my daughter, now my death,  
Within her chamber (as I thought) she was,  
But there I found her not, I demed then  
For her disport she and her maidens were  
Downe to the garden walkt to comfort them,  
And thinking thus, it came into my mind  
There all alone to tarry her returne:  
And thereupon I (wearie) threw my selfe  
Vpon her widdowes bed (for so I thought)  
And in the curten wrapt my cursed head.  
Thus as I lay anon I might beholde  
Out of the vault vp through her chamber floore  
My daughter *Gismund* bringing hand in hande  
The Countie *Palurin*, alas it is too true, !  
At her beds feete this traitor made me see  
Her shame, his treason, and my deadly griefe.  
Her Princelie body yeelded to this theefe.  
The high despite wherof so wounded me  
That traunce-like, as a senceles stone I lay,  
For neither wit, nor tongue could vse the meane  
T'expresse the passions of my pained heart.  
Forcelesse, perforce, I sunke downe to this paine,  
As greedie famin doth constrain the hauke,

*The Tragedie*

Peccemeale to rent and teare the yeelding praie:  
So far'd it with me in that heauie stound,  
But now what shal I doe? how may I seeke  
To ease my minde that burneth with desire  
Of dire reuenge? For neuer shal my thoughts  
Graunt ease vnto my heart, til I haue found  
A meane of vengeance to requite his paines,  
That first conueyd this sight vnto my soule.

*Tan.* Renuchio.

*Renu.* What is your Highnes will?

*Tan.* Call my daughter: my heart boyles till I see  
Her in my sight, to whom I may discharge  
All the vnrest that thus distempereth me.  
Should I destroy them both? O gods ye know  
How neere and deere our daughter is to vs.  
And yet my rage perswades me to imbrue  
My thirstie hands in both their trembling bloods,  
Therewith to coole my wrathful furies heate.  
But Nature, why repin'st thou at this thought?  
Why should I thinke vpon a fathers debt  
To her that thought not on a daughters due?  
But stil me thinks if I should see her die,  
And therewithall reflexe her dying eyes  
Vpon mine eyes, that sight would slit my heart.  
Not much vnlike the Cocatrice, that slaies  
The obiect of his foule infections.  
Oh what a conflict doth my mind endure?  
Now fight my thoughts against my passions:  
Now striue my passions against my thoughts.  
Now sweates my heart, now chil cold falles it dead.  
Helpe heauens, and succour ye Celestiall powers,  
Infuse your secrete vertue on my soule.

shall.







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Shall nature winne? shall iustice not preuaile?  
Shall I (a king) be proued partiall?  
„How shall our Subiects then insult on vs,  
„When our examples (that are light to them)  
„Shalbe eclipsed with our proper deedes?  
And may the armes be rented from the tree?  
The members from the body be disseuer'd?  
And can the heart endure no violence?  
My daughter is to me mine onlie heart,  
My life, my comfort, my continuance,  
Shall I be then not only so vnkinde  
To passe all natures strength, and cut her off.  
But therewithall so cruell to my selfe,  
Against all law of kinde to shred in twaine  
The golden threed that doth vs both maintaine.  
But were it that my rage should so commaund,  
And I consent to her vntimelie death,  
Were this an end to all our miseries?  
No, no, her ghost wil still pursue our life.  
And from the deep her bloodles gastfull spirit  
Wil as my shadow in the shining day,  
Follow my footsteps till she take reuenge.  
I will doe thus therefore: the traitor dies,  
Because he scornd the fauor of his king,  
And our displeasure wilfullie incurde:  
His slaughter, with her sorow for his bloud,  
Shall to our rage supplie delightfull food.  
Iulio.

*Iul.* What ist your Maiestie commaunds?  
*Tan.* Iulio, if we haue not our hope in vaine,  
Nor all the trust we doe repose in thee:  
Now must we trie if thou approve the same.

*The Tragedie*

Herein thy force and wisdom we must see,  
For our commaund requires them both of thee.  
*Int.* How by your Graces bounty I am bound,  
Beyond the common bond wherein each man  
Stands bound vnto his king, how I haue found  
Honor and wealth by fauor in your sight,  
I doe acknowledge with most thankfull minde.  
My trueth (with other meanes to serue your Grace,  
What euer you in honor shall assigne)  
Hath sworn her power true vassall to your heft,  
For prooffe let but your Maiestie commaund  
I shall vnlock the prison of my soule,  
(Although vnkindlie horror would gaine-say)  
Yet in obedience to your Highnes will,  
By whom I hold the tenor of this life,  
This hand and blade wil be the instruments,  
To make pale death to grapple with my heart.  
*Tan.* Wel, to be short (for I am greu'd too long  
By wrath without reuenge) I thinke you know  
Whilom a Pallace builded strong  
For warre, within our Court, where dreadlesse peace  
Hath planted now a weaker entrance.  
But of that pallace yet one vault remaines,  
Within our Court, the secret way whereof  
Is to our daughter *Gismunds* chamber laide:  
There is also another mouth hereof,  
Without our wall: which now is ouergrown,  
But you may finde it out, for yet it lies  
Directly South a furlong from our place:  
It may be knowen, hard by an auncient stoope,  
Where grew an Oke in elder daies decaide,  
There wil we that you watch, there shall you see

A vil-





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

A villain traitor mount out of a vault:  
Bring him to vs, it is th' Earle *Palurin*,  
What is his fault neither shal you enquire,  
Nor list we to disclose, these cursed eyes  
Haue scene the flame, this heart hath felt the fire  
That cannot els be quencht but with his bloud.  
This must be done: this will we haue you do.  
*Int.* Both this, and els what euer you thinke good.

*Iulio departeth into the Pallace.*

*Renugio bringeth Gismund out of her chamber, to  
whom Tancred saith.*

Scena 3.

**R**enugio depart, leaue vs alone.

*Exit Renugio.*

Gismund, if either I could cast aside  
All care of thee: or if thou wouldst haue had  
Some care of me, it would not now betide  
That either thorow thy fault my ioy should fade,  
Or by thy folly I should beare the paine  
Thou hast procur'd: but now tis neither I  
Can shun the griefe: whom thou hast more the slain  
Nor maist thou heale, or ease the grieuous wound,  
Which thou hast geuen me. That vnstained life  
Wherein I ioy'd, and thought it thy delight,  
Why hast thou lost it? Can it be restor'd?  
Where is thy widdowhood, there is thy shame.  
Gismund, it is no mans, nor mens report,  
That haue by likely proofes enformd me thus.  
Thou knowest how hardly I could be induc'd

*The Tragedie*

To vex my selfe, and be displeasde with thee,  
With flying tales of flattering Sicophants.  
No, no, there was in vs such settled trust  
Of thy chaste life, and vncorrupted minde:  
That if these eyes had not beheld thy shame,  
In vaine ten thousand censures could haue tolde,  
That thou didst once vnprincelike make agree  
With that vile traitor Countie *Palurin*.  
Without regard had to thy selfe or me,  
Vnshamefully to staine thy state and mine.  
But I vnhappyest haue beheld the same,  
And seeing it, yet feeleth' exceding grieve  
That slaies my heart with horror of that thought.  
Which grieve commandes me to obey my rage,  
And Iustice vrgeth some extreame reuenge,  
To wreake the wrongs that haue been offred vs.  
But Nature that hath lockt within thy brest  
Two liues: the same inclineth me to spare  
Thy bloud, and so to keep mine owne vnspilt.  
This is that ouerweening-loue I beare  
To thee vnductifull, and vnderferued.  
But for that traitor, he shal surelie die,  
For neither right nor nature doth intreat  
For him, that wilfully without all awe  
Of gods, or men, or of our deadly hate,  
Incurde the iust displeasure of his king.  
And to be brieft, I am content to know  
What for thy selfe thou canst obiekt to vs,  
Why thou shouldst not together with him die,  
So to assuage the griefes that ouerthrow  
Thy fathers heart.  
*Gif.* O king, and father, humbly geue her leaue

To







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

To plead for grace, that stands in your disgrace.  
Not that she reckes this life: for I confesse  
I haue deseru'd, when so it pleaseth you,  
To die the death, Mine honor and my name  
(As you suppose) distained with reproach,  
And wel contented shall I meet the stroke  
That must disseuer this detested head  
Frō these lewd limmes. But this I wish were known  
That now I liue not for my selfe alone.  
For when I saw that neither my request,  
Nor the intreatie of my carefull Aunt,  
Could winne your Highnes pleasure to our will:  
„Then Loue, heate of the heart, life of the soule,  
„Fed by desire, increasing by restraint,  
Would not endure controlment any more:  
But violently enforst my feebled heart,  
(For who am I alas, still to resist)  
Such endlesse conflicts) To relent and yeelde  
Therewith I chose him for my Lord and pheare.  
*Guiszard* mine Earle that holds my loue full deare,  
Then if it be so settled in your mind,  
He shall not līue because he dar'd to loue  
Your daughter. Thus I geue your Grace to know  
Within his heart there is inclosde my life.  
Therefore O father, if that name may be  
Sweet to your eares, and that we may preuaile  
By name of father, that you fauour vs.  
But otherwise, if now we cannot finde  
That which our falld hope did promise vs.  
Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts  
Of these suspitions: since neither in this case  
His good deserts in seruice to your Grace,

F

Which

*The Tragedie*

Which alwaies haue bin iust, nor in desires  
May mittigate the cruel rage of grieffe.  
That straines your heart, but that mine Earl must die  
Then all in vaine you aske what I can say  
Why I should liue, sufficeth for my part  
To say I wil not liue, and so resolute.

*Tan.* Dar'st thou so desperat decree thy death?

*Gif.* A dreadles heart delites in such decrees.

*Tan.* Thy kind abhorreth such vnkindly thoughts.

*Gif.* Vnkindly thoughts they are to them that liue  
In kindly loue. *Tan.* As I doe vnto thee.

*Gif.* To take his life who is my loue to me.

*Tan.* Haue I then lost thy loue? *Gif.* If he shal lose  
His life, that is my loue. *Tan.* Thy loue. Begone.

Returne vnto thy chamber. *Gif.* I wil goe.

*Gismund departeth to her chamber.*

*Iulio with his gard bringeth in the County Pal. prisoner*

*Scena. 4.*

*Iu.* **I**F it please your highnes hither haue we brought  
This captiue Earl as you commanded vs.

Whō (as we wer fortold) euen there we found  
Where by your maiesty we were inioin'd  
To watch for him. What more your highnes willes,  
This heart and hand shal execute your hest.

*Tan.* Iulio we thank your paines. Ah Palurin,  
Haue we deserued in such traierous sort  
Thou shouldst abuse our kingly courtesies,  
Which we too long in fauor haue bestowed  
Vpon thy false-dissembling hart with vs.

What grief thou therewithal hast throwen on vs

What





What shame vpon our house, what dire distresse,  
Our soul endures, cannot be vttered.  
And durst thou villen dare to vndermine  
Our daughters chamber, durst thy shameles face  
Be bolde to kisse her: th' rest we wil conceale.  
Sufficeth that thou knowest I too wel know  
All thy proceedings in thy priuat shames.  
Herin what hast thou wonne? thine own content,  
With the displeasure of thy Lord and king.  
The thought whereof if thou hadst had in mind  
The least remorse of loue and loyaltie  
Might haue restrained thee from so foule a fact.  
But Palurin, what may I deem of thee,  
Whom neither feare of gods, nor loue of him  
(Whose Princely fauor hath been thine vpreare)  
Could quench the fewel of thy lewd desires.  
Wherefore content thee that we are resolu'd  
(And therfore laid to snare thee with this bayt)  
That thy iust death, with thine effused blood,  
Shal coole the heate and choler of our mood.  
*Gui.* My Lord the King, neither do I mislike  
Your sentence, nor do your smoking sighes  
Reacht from the entrals of your boiling heart,  
Disturbe the quiet of my calmed thoughts:  
For this I feele, and by experience proue,  
Such is the force and endlesse might of loue,  
As neuer shal the dread of carren death  
That hath enuied our ioyes, inuade my brest,  
For if it may be found a fault in me  
(That euermore haue lou'd your Maiestie)  
Likewise to honor and to loue your child,  
If loue vnto you both may be a fault,

*The Tragedie*

But vnto her my loue exceedes compare,  
Then this hath been my fault, for which I ioy,  
That in the greatest lust of all my life,  
I shall submitte for her sake to endure  
The pangues of death. Oh mighty Lord of loue  
Strengthen thy vassall, boldlie to receaue  
Large wounds into this body for her sake.  
Then vse my life or death, my Lord and king,  
For your reliefe to ease your griued soule:  
For whether I liue, or els that I must die,  
To end your paines I am content to beare:  
Knowing by death I shall bewray the truth  
Of that sound heart which liuing was her owne,  
And died aliue for her that liued mine,  
*Tan.* Thine *Palurin*, what, liues my daughter thine?  
Traitor thou wrongst me, for she liueth mine.  
Rather I wish ten thousand fundrie deaths,  
Then I to liue and see my daughter thine.  
Thine, that is dearer then my life to me?  
Thine, whom I hope to see an Empresse?  
Thine, whom I cannot pardon from my sight?  
Thine, vnto whom we haue bequeath'd our crown:  
*Iulio*, we wil that thou informe from vs  
*Renuchio* the Capten of our Gard,  
That we commaund this traitor be conueyd  
Into the dungeon vnderneath our Tower,  
There let him rest vntil he be resolu'd  
What further we intend, which to vnderstand,  
We will *Renuchio* repaire to vs.  
*Iul.* O that I might your Maiestie entreate  
With clemencie to bentifie your seate,  
Toward this Prince distrest by his desires,

Too







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Too many, all too strong to captivate

*Tan.* „ This is the soundest safetie for a king

„ To cut them off that vex or hinder him.

*Iul.* „ This haue I found the safetie of a king,

„ To spare the Subiects that do honor him.

*Tan.* Haue we been honoured by this leachers lust?

*Iul.* No, but by this deuout submission.

*Tan.* Our fortune saies we must do what we may.

*Iul.* „ This is praise-worth, not to do what you may.

*Tan.* And may the Subiect countermaund the king?

*Iul.* No, but intreat him. *Tan.* What he shal decree.

*Iul.* What wisdom shal discern. *Iul.* Nay what our

Shal best determine. We wil not replie. (word

Thou knowest our mind, our heart cannot be easd,

But with the slaughter of this *Palurin.*

*The king hasteth into his Pallace.*

*Guif.* O thou great God, who from thy hieft throne

Hast stooped down, and felt the force of loue,

Bend gentle cares vnto the wofull mone,

Of me poore wretch, to graunt that I require:

Help to perswade the same great God, that he

So farre remit his might, and slack his fire

From my deare Ladies kindled heart, that she

May heare my death without her hurt, Let not

Her face, wherein there is as cleere a light

As in the rising moone: let not her cheekes

As red as is the partie-coloured rose.

Be paled with the newes hereof: and so

I yeeld my selfe, my fillie soul, and all,

To him, for her, for whom my death shall shew

I liu'd, and as I liu'd, I did her thrall.

Graunt this thou Thunderer: this shal suffice,

*The Tragedie*

My breath to vanish in the liquid skies.

*Guizard is led to prison.*

Chorus primus.

Who doth not know the fruits of Paris loue,  
Nor vnderstand the end of Helens ioy,  
He may behold the fatall ouerthrow  
Of Priams house, and of the towne of Troy.  
His death at last, and her eternal shame,  
For whom so many noble knights were slaine.  
So many a Duke, so many a Prince of fame  
Bereft his life, and left there in the plaine.  
Medeas armed hand, Elizas sword,  
Wretched Leander drenched in the flood.  
Phillis so long that waited for her Lord  
All these too dearly bought their loues with blood.

*Cho. 2.* But he in vertue that his Lady serues  
Ne wils but what vnto her Honor longs,  
He neuer from the rule of reason swarues,  
He feeleth not the pangs, ne raging throngs  
Of blind Cupid: he liues not in despaire  
As done his seruants: neither spends his daies  
In ioy, and care, vaine hope, and throbbing feare.  
But seekes alway what may his soueraine please  
In honor: he that thus serues, reapes the fruite  
Of his sweet seruice: and no ielous dread  
Nor base suspect of ought to let his sute  
(Which causeth oft the louers hart to bleed)  
Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his brest:  
He wayleth not by day, nor wakes by night,  
When euery other liuing thing doth rest.  
Nor findes his life or death within her sight.

*Cho. 3.* Remember thou in vertue serue therfore

Thy





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Thy chaste Lady: beware thou do not loue  
As whilom Venus did the faire Adonne,  
But as Diana lou'd the Amazons sonne.  
Through whose request the gods to him alone  
Restorde new life: the twine that was vndone  
Was by the sisters twisted vp againe,  
The loue of vertue in thy Ladies looks,  
The loue of vertue in her learned talke,  
This loue yeelds matter for eternall bookes.  
This loue intifeth him abroad to walke,  
There to inuent and write new rondelaies  
Of learned conceit, her fancies to allure  
To vaine delights, such humors he allaies,  
And sings of vertue and her garments pure.  
*Cho.* 4. Desire not of thy Soueraigne the thing  
Whereof shame may ensue by any meane:  
Nor wish thou ought that may dishonor bring.  
So whilom did the learned Tuscan serue  
His faire Lady: and glory was their end.  
Such are the praises Louers done deserue,  
Whose seruice doth to vertue and honor tend.

*Finis Actus 4. Composuit Ch. Hat.*

*Renuchio commeth out of the Pallace.*

*Actus 5. Scena 1.*

*Ren.*

**O** H cruel fate, oh miserable chaunce  
Oh dire aspect of hateful destinies,  
Oh wo may not be told: suffic'd it not  
That I should see and with these eyes behold  
So foule, so bloody, and so base a deede:

*But*

But more to aggrauate the heauie cares  
 Of my perplexed mind, must onelie I  
 Must I alone be made the messenger,  
 That must deliuer to her Princelie cares  
 Such dismall newes? as when I shal disclose  
 I know it cannot but abridge her daies.  
 As when the thunder and three forked fire  
 Rent through the cloudes by Ioues almighty power  
 Breakes vp the bosom of our mother earth,  
 And burnes her heart before the heat be felt.  
 In this distresse whom should I most bewaile,  
 My woe, that must be made the messenger  
 Of these vnworthie and vnwelcome newes?  
 Or shall I mone thy death, O noble Earle?  
 Or shal I still lament the heauie hap  
 That yet, O Queene, attends thy funeral. (I seee  
*Cho. 1.* What mones be these? *Rennuchio* is this Salerne  
 Doth here king *Tancred* hold the awful crown?  
 Is this the place where ciuill people be?  
 Or do the sauage Scythians here abound?  
*Cho. 2.* What mean these questiōs? whether tend they  
 Resolue vs maidens, & release our fears. (words:  
 What euer newes thou bring'st, discover them,  
 Deteine vs not in this suspitious dread,  
 „ The thought whereof is greater then the woe.  
*Renu.* O whither may I cast my looks? to heauen?  
 Black pitchy clouds from thence rain down reuenge  
 The earth shal I behold staine with the gore  
 Of his heart bloud that did most innocent.  
 Which way so ere I turn mine eyes, me thinks  
 His butchered corps stands staring in my face.  
*Cho. 3.* We humbly pray thee to forbear these words  
 So







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

So full of terror to our mayden hearts:  
„ The dread of things vnknown breeds the suspect.  
„ Of greater dread, vntill the worst be knownen.  
Tel therfore what hath chaunst, and whereunto  
This bloudy cup thou holdest in thy hand.  
*Renu.* Since so is your request that I shal doe,  
Although my mind so sorrowful a thing  
Repines to tell, and though my voice eschewes  
To say what I haue seene: yet since your will  
So fixed stands to heare for what I rue,  
Your great desires I shall herein fulfill.  
First by Salerne Citie, amidst the plaine,  
There stands a hil, whose bottom huge and round,  
Throwen out in breadth, a large space doth contain  
And gathering vp in height small from the grounde  
Still lesse and lesse it mounts: there sometime was  
A goodly towre vpreard, that flowrde in fame  
While fate and fortune seru'd, but time doth passe,  
And with his sway suppresseth all the same:  
For now the walles be euened with the plaine.  
And all the rest so fowly lies defast:  
As but the only shade doth there remaine  
Of that which there was built in time forepast:  
And yet that shewes what worthy work tofore  
Hath there been reard: one parcel of that towre  
Yet stands, which eating time could not deuoure:  
A strong turret compact of stone and rock:  
Hugie without, but horrible within:  
To passe to which by force of handy stroke  
A crooked straite is made, that enters in  
And leades into this vgly loathsome place.  
Within the which carued into the ground

G

A deep

*The Tragedie*

A deep dungeon there runnes of narrow space  
Dreadful and darke, where neuer light is found:  
Into this hollow caue, by cruel heft  
Of king *Tancred*, were diuers seruants sent  
To worke the horror of his furious brest,  
Earst nourisht in his rage, and now sterne bent,  
To haue the same performde: I woful man  
Amongst the rest, was one to do the thing  
That to our charge so straitly did belong,  
In sort as was commanded by the king.  
Within which dreadful prison when we came,  
The noble Countie *Palin* in that there  
Lay chain'd in giues, fast fettered in his bolts,  
Out of the darke dungeon we did vpreare  
And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,  
That gaue vs light to worke our tyrannie.  
But when I once beheld his manly face,  
And saw his cheare, no more appauld with feare,  
Of present death, then he whom neuer dread  
Did once amate: my heart abhorred then  
To geue consent vnto so fowl a deede,  
That wretched death should reauē so worthy a man  
On false fortune I cride with lowd complaint,  
That in such sort ouerwhelmes nobilitie.  
But he whom neuer grieve ne feare could taint,  
With smiling cheare himselfe oft willeth me,  
To leaue to plaine his case, or sorrow make,  
For him, for he was far more glad apaide  
Death to imbrace thus for his Ladies sake,  
Then life, or all the ioyes of life he said.  
For losse of life (quoth he) greeues me no more,  
Then losse of that which I esteemed least,

My





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

My Ladies grieve, least she should rue therefore,  
Is all the cause of grieve within my brest.  
He praid therfore that we would make report  
To her of those his last words he would say:  
That though he neuer could in any sort  
Her gentlenes requite, nor neuer lay  
Within his power to serue her as he would,  
Yet she posselt his heart with hand and might,  
To doe her all the honor that he could.  
This was to him of all the ioyes that might  
Reuiue his heart, the chiefest ioy of al,  
That, to declare the faithfull heart which he  
Did beare to her, fortune so wel did fall,  
That in her loue he should both liue and die.  
After these words he staid, and spake no more,  
But ioyfully beholding vs eachone,  
His words and cheare amazed vs so sore  
That stil we stoode: when forthwith thereupon  
But why slack you (quoth he) to do the thing  
For which you come? make speed and stay no more  
Performe your masters will: now tel the king  
He hath his life for which he long'd so sore:  
And with those words himselfe with his own hand  
Fastned the bands about his neck. The rest  
Wondring at his stout heart, astonied stand  
To see him offer thus himselfe to death.  
What stony brest, or what hard heart of flint  
Would not relent to see this dreery sight?  
So goodly a man, whom death nor fortunes dint  
Could once disarme, murdered with such despite.  
And in such sort bereft amidst the flowers  
Of his fresh yeares, that ruthfull was to see:

*The Tragedie*

„ For violent is death, when he deuoures  
„ Yong men, or virgins, while their yeares be green,  
Lo now our seruants seeing him take the bands  
And on his neck himselfe to make them fast:  
Without delay set to their cruel hands,  
And sought to worke their fierce intent with hast,  
They stretch the bloody bands, and when the breth  
Began to faile his brest, they slackt againe.  
Thrise did they pull, and thrise they losed him,  
So did their hands repine against their hearts:  
And oft times losed to his greater paine.

„ But date of death that fixed is so fast,  
„ Beyond his course there may no wight extend,  
For strangled is this noble Earle at last,  
Bereft of life, vnworthy such an end.

*Chor.* O dāned deed. *Ren.* What deem you this to be  
Al the sayd newes that I haue to vnfold?

Is here (think you) end of the crueltie  
That I haue seen? *Chor.* Could any heauier woe  
Be wrought to him, then to destroy him so?

*Ren.* What, think you this outrage did end so well?  
The horror of the fact, the greatest gricfe,  
The massaker, the terror is to tell.

*Cho.* Alack what could be more? they threw percase  
The dead body to be deuourd and torne  
Of the wild beasts.

*Renu.* Would God it had been cast a sauage praie  
To beasts and birds: but lo, that dreadfull thing  
Which euen the tyger would not work, but to  
Suffice his hunger: that hath the tyrant king  
Withouten ruth commaunded vs to doe,  
Onely to please his wrāthfull heart withal.

Happy







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Happy had been his chance, too happy alas,  
If birdes, or beasts had eaten vp his corps,  
Yea heart and all: within this cup I bring,  
And am constrained now vnto the face  
Of his deare Ladie to present the same.

*Chor.* What kind of crueltie is this you name?  
Declare foorthwith, and wherunto doth tend  
This farther plaint. *Ren.* After his breath was gone,  
Forced perforce thus from his panting brest  
Straight they dispoiled him, and not alone  
Contented with his death, on the dead corps  
Which rauinous beasts forbore to lacerate,  
Euen vpon this our villens fresh begunne  
To shew new crueltie: foorthwith they pearce  
His naked bellie, and vnript it so,  
That out the bowels gushit: who can rehearse  
Their tyrannie, wherwith my heart yet bleedes.  
The warme entralles were torne out of his brest.  
Within their hands trembling not fully dead,  
His veines smok'd, his bowels all to reeked  
Ruthlesse were rent, and throwen about the place:  
All clotted lay the bloud in lumps of gore,  
Sprent on his corps, and on his paled face,  
His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,  
And cruelly vpon a rapier  
They fixt the same, and in this hateful wise  
Vnto the king this heart they do present:  
A sight longd for to feede his irefull eies.  
The king perceiuing each thing to be wrought  
As he had wilde, reioysing to behold  
Vpon the bloudie sword the pearced heart,  
He calles then for this massie cup of gold,

*The Tragedie*

Into the which the wofull heart he cast,  
And reaching me the same, now go, quoth he,  
Vnto my daughter, and with speedy hast  
Present her this, and say to her from me,  
Thy father hath here in this cup thee sent  
That thing to ioy and comfort thee withal,  
Which thou louedst best, euen as thou wert content  
To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.

*Cho.* O hateful fact! O passing crueltie!

O murder wrought with too much hard despit'e

O hainous deede, which no posteritie

Wil once belecue! *Ren.* Thus was Earle *Palurin*

Strangled vnto the death, yea after death

His heart and bloud disboweled from his brest:

But what auaieth plaint: it is but breath

Forewasted all in vaine: why do I rest

Here in this place? why goe I not and doe

The hatefull message to my charge committed?

Oh were it not that I am forc'd thereto,

By a kings will, here would I stay my feet,

Ne one whit farder wade in this intent:

But I must yeeld me to my Princes hest,

Yet doth this somewhat comfort mine vnrest,

I am resolu'd her grieve not to behold,

But get me gone my message being told. (*comes*

Where is the Princeesse chamber? *Cho.* Lo where she

*Gismund commeth out of her chamber, to whom Renuchio deliuereth his cup, saying.*

Scena 2.

**T**Hy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath sent

The thing to ioy and comfort thee withall

Which thou louedst best, euen as thou wast content

To





*of Tancred and Gismuna.*

To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.  
*Gif.* I thanke my father, and thee gentle squire,  
For this thy trauell take thou for thy paines  
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

*Renuchio departeth.*

So now is come the long expected houre,  
The fatall hower I haue so looked for,  
Now hath my father satisfied his thirst  
With giltlesse bloud which he so coueted  
What brings this cup? (ay me) I thought nolesse,  
It is mine Earles, my Counties pearced heart,  
Deare heart, too dearely hast thou bought my loue:  
Extreamely rated at too high a price.  
Ah my sweet heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,  
But in thy death thou prouest passing sweet.  
A fitter hearce then this of beaten gold,  
Could not be lotted to so good an heart:  
My father therefore well prouided thus  
To close and wrap thee vp in massie gold,  
And therewithall to send thee vnto me,  
To whom of duety thou doest best belong.  
My father hath in all his life bewraide  
A princely care and tender loue to me:  
But this surpasseth, in his later dayes  
To send me this, mine owne deare heart to me.  
Wert thou not mine, dear hart, whilst that my loue  
Daunced and plaid vpon thy golden strings?  
Art thou not mine (deere heart) now that my loue  
Is fled to beauen, and got him golden wings?  
Thou art mine owne, and stil mine own shalt be  
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.  
Ah pleasant harborough of my hearts thought!

Ah

*The Tragedie*

Ah sweete delight, the quickner of my soule  
Seuen times accursed be the hand that wrought  
Thee this despight, to mangle thee so foule:  
Yet in this wound I see mine owne true loue,  
And in this wound thy magnanimitie,  
And in this wound I see thy constancie.  
Goe gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tombe,  
Receau this token at thy last farewell:

*She kisseth it.*

Thine owne true heart anon will follow thee,  
Which panting hasteth for thy companie.  
Thus hast thou run (poore heart) thy mortall race,  
And rid thy life from fickle fortunes snares,  
Thus hast thou lost this world, and worldly cares,  
And of thy foe, to honour thee withall,  
Receau'd a golden graue, to thy desert,  
Nothing doth want to thy iust funerall,  
But my salt teares to wash thy bloody wound.  
Which to the end thou mightst receau, behold  
My father sends thee in this cup of gold,  
And thou shalt haue them, though I was resolu'd  
To shed no teares, but with a chearefull face  
Once did I think to wet thy funerall  
Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.  
This done, forthwith my soule shal fly to thee,  
For therefore did my father send thee me.  
Ah my pure heart, with sweeter companie,  
Or more content, how safer may I proue  
To passe to places all vnknownen with thee.  
Why die I not therefore? why doe I stay?  
Why doe I not this wofull life forgoe,  
And with these hands enforce this breath away?

*What*







What meanes this gorgeous glittering head attir  
How ill beiceme these billaments of gold  
Thy mournfull widdowhood: away with them,  
So let thy tresses flaring in the winde  
Vntrimmed hang about thy bared necke:  
Now hellish furies set my heart on fire,  
Bolden my courage, strengthen ye my hands  
Against their kind, to do a kindly deed:  
But shall I then vnwreake downe descend?  
Shall I not worke some iust reuenge on him  
That thus hath slain my loue? shall not these hands  
Fire his gates, and make the flame to climbe  
Vp to the pinnacles, with burning brands,  
And on his cynders wreake my cruell teene.  
Be still (fond girle) content thee first to die,  
This venomd water shall abridge thy life,  
This for the same intent provided I,  
Which can both ease and end this raging strife,  
Thy father by thy death shall haue more woe,  
Then fire or flames within his gates can bring:  
Content thee then in patience hence to go,  
Thy death his bloud shall wreake vpon the king.  
Now not alone (a griefe to die alone)  
„ The onely myrror of extreame anoy,  
But not alone, thou diest my loue, for I  
Will be copartner of thy destinie.  
Be merrie then my soule, canst thou refuse  
To die with him, that death for thee did choose?  
*Chor. 1.* What damned furie hath posselt our Queen  
Why sit we still beholding her distresse?  
Madame forbear, suppress this headstrong rage.  
*Gis.* Maidens forbear your comfortable wordes.

*She vn-  
dresseth  
her haire.*

*She taketh  
a violl of  
payson out  
of her poc-  
ket.*

H

*Chor. 2.*

*The Tragedie*

*Cho.* 2. O worthy Queene, rashnes doth ouerthrowe  
The author of his resolution.

*Gif.* Where hope of help is lost what booteth feare?

*Cho.* 3. Feare wil auoyd the sting of infamie.

*Gif.* May good or bad reports delight the dead?

*Cho.* 4. If of the liuing yet the dead haue care.

*Gif.* An easie griefe by counsell may be cur'd.

*Cho.* 1. But hee strong mischiefs princes should auoid

*Gif.* In headlong griefes and cases desperate?

*Cho.* 2. Cal to your mind (*Gif.*) you are the Queene.

*Gif.* Vnhappy widow, wife, and paramour. (king

*Cho.* 3. Think on the king. *Gif.* The king? the tyrant

*Cho.* 3. Your father. *Gif.* Yea, the murthrer of my loue

*Ch.* 4. His force. *Gif.* the dead fear not the force of mē

*Ch.* 1. His care & griefe. *Gif.* That neither car'd for me

Nor grieued at the murthr of my loue,

My mind is setled, you with these vain words,

Withhold me but too long from my desire.

Depart ye to my chamber. *Cho.* We wil hast

To tel the king hereof.

*Chorus depart into*

*Gif.* I will preuent

*the Pallace.*

Both you and him. Lo here, this hartie draught

The last that in this world I meane to tast,

Dreadlesse of death (mine Earle) I drink to thee.

So now worke on, now doth my soul begin

To hate this light, where in there is no loue,

No loue of parents to their children,

No loue of Princes to their Subiects true,

No loue of Ladies to their dearest loues.

Now passe I to the pleasant land of loue,

Where heauenly loue immortall flourisheth:

The Gods abhorre the company of men,

Hel is on earth, yea hel it selfe is heauen





*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Compar'd with earth. I cal to witnes heauen,  
Heauen, said I: no, but hel record I call,  
And thou sterne Goddesse of reuenging wrongs  
Witnesse with me I die for his pure loue  
That liued mine.

*Tancred in hast commeth out of his pallace with Iulio.*

*Shee lieth  
down and  
couereth  
her face  
with her  
haire.*

Scæna 3,

*Tan.* **W** Here is my daughter?

*Iulio.* Behold, here, wofull king.

*Tan.* Aime, break hart, & thou fly foorth  
What, doth my daughter *Gis.* take it so? (my soul

What hast thou done? oh let me see thine eyes,

Oh let me dresse vp those vntrimmed locks,

Looke vp, sweet child, look vp mine only ioy,

Tis I thy lather: that beseecheth thee:

Reare vp thy body, straine thy dying voice

To speake to him, sweet *Gismund* speake to me.

*Gis.* Who staies my soul: who thus disquiets me?

*Tan.* Tis I thy father, ah behold my teares

Like pearled deaw that trickle down my cheekes,

To wash my siluer haire. *Gis.* Oh father king

Forbeare your teares, your plaint wil not auaille.

*Tan.* Oh my sweet heart, hast thou receau'd thy life

From me, and wilt thou to requite the same,

Yeld me my death: yea death and greater greefe

To see thee die for him that did defame

Thine honor thus, my kingdome, and thy name.

*Gis.* Yea therfore father gaue ye life to me,

That I should die, and now my date is done.

As for your kingdome, and mine own renowne,

Which you affirme dishonoured to be

That fault impute it where it is, for he

*The Tragedie*

That slew mine Earle, and sent his heart to me,  
His hands haue brought this shame and grieve on vs  
But father, yet if anie sparke remaine  
Of your deare loue, if euer yet I could  
So much deserue, or at your hands desire,  
Grant that I may obtaine this last request,

*Tanc.* Saie louely child, saie on, what ere it be,  
Thy father grants it willingly to thee.

*Cis.* My life I craue not, for it is not now  
In you to giue, nor in my selfe to saue,  
Nor craue I mercie for mine Earle and me,  
Who hath bin slaine with too much crueltie.  
With patience I must awhile abide  
Within this life, which now will not belong.

But this is my request, Father I praie,  
That since it pleased so your maiestie,  
I should inioy my loue aliue no more,  
Yet neretheles let vs not parted be,  
Whom cruell death could neuer separate:  
But as we liude and dide together here,  
So let our bodies be together tombde,  
Let him with me, and I with him be laid  
Within one shrine, where euer you appoint,  
This if you grant me, as I trust you will,  
Although I liue not to requite this grace,  
Th'immortall Gods due recompence shall giue  
To you for this, and so vaine world farewell,  
My speech is painefull, and mine eie-sight failes.

*Tanc.* My daughter dies, see how the bitter pangs  
Of tyrannous death, torments her princely heart,  
She looks on me, at me she shakes her head,  
For me she grones, by me my daughter dies,  
I, I, the author of this Tragedie.







*of Tancred and Gismund.*

On me, on me, yee heauens throw downe your ire,  
Now dies my daughter, hence with princely robes  
Oh faire in life, thrice fairer in thy death,  
Deare to thy father in thy life thou wert,  
But in thy death, dearest vnto his heart,  
I kisse thy paled cheekes, and close thine eies,  
This ductie once I promist to my selfe,  
Thou shouldst performe to me, but ah false hope  
Now ruthful wretched king what resteth thee?  
Wilt thou now liue wasted with miserie?  
Wilt thou now liue that with these eies didst see  
Thy daughter dead? wilt thou now liue to see  
Her funerals, that of thy life was stay?  
Wilt thou now liue that wast her liues decay?  
Shal not this hand reach to this heart the stroke  
Mine armes are not so weake, nor are my limmes  
So feebled with mine age, nor is my heart  
So daunted with the dread of cowardice,  
But I can wreake due vengeance on that head  
That wrought the means these louers now be dead  
Iulio come neare, and lay thine own right hand  
Vpon my thigh, now take thine oath of me.  
*Iul.* I sweare to thee, my liege Lord, to discharge  
What euer thou enioynest Iulio.  
*Tan.* First then I charge thee that my daughter haue  
Her last request, thou shalt within one tombe  
Interre her Earle and her: and thereupon  
Engraue some Royall Epitaph of loue.  
That done, I swear thee thou shalt take my corps  
Which thou shalt find by that time done to death,  
And lay my bodie by my daughters side.  
Sweare this, sweare this I say. *Iul.* I sweare.

*The Tragedie*

But will the king do so vnkingly now.

*Tan.* A kingly deed the king resolues to doe.

*Iul.* To kil himselfe. *Tan.* To send his soule to ease.

*Iul.* Doth Ioue command it? *Tan.* Our stars cōpell it.

*Iul.* The wiseman ouerules his stars. *Tan.* So we

*Iul.* Vndaunted should the minds of kings indure.

*Tan.* So shal it in this resolution.

Iulio forbear, and as thou louest the king,

When thou shalt see him weltring in his gore,

Stretching his limmes, and gasping in his grones

Then Iulio set to thy helping hand,

Redouble stroke on stroke, and driue the stab

Down deeper to his heart, to rid his soule.

Now stand aside, stir not a foote, least thou

Make vp the fourth to fill this Tragedie.

These eyes that first beheld my daughters shame,

These eyes that longed for the ruthful sight

Of her Earles heart, these eyes that now haue scene

His death, her woe, and her auenging teene:

Vpon these eyes we must be first auenged.

Vnworthy lamps of this accursed lump,

Out of your dwellings: so, it fits vs thus

In bloud and blindnes to goe seeke the path

That leadeth down to euerlasting night.

Why frightst thou dastard? be thou desperate,

One mischief brings another on his neck,

As mighty billowes tumble in the seas.

Now daughter, seest thou not how I amerce

My wrath that thus bereft thee of thy loue,

Vpon my head: now fathers learn by me,

Be wise, be warnde to vse more tenderly

The iewels of your ioyes. Daughter, I come.

EPI-





EPILOGVS.

*Jul.* **L**O here the sweets of grisly-pale despair,  
 These are the blossoms of this cursed tree  
 Such are the fruits of too much loue and  
 Orewhelmed in the sence of miserie. (care  
 With violent hands he that his life doth end,  
 His damned soul to endles night doth wend.  
 Now resteth it that I discharge mine oath,  
 To see th'unhappy louers and the king,  
 Layd in one toimbe: I would be very loath  
 You should wayt here to see this mournful thing.  
 For I am sure, and do ye all to wit,  
 Through griefe wherein the Lords of Salerne be  
 These funerals are not prepared yet:  
 Nor do they think on that solemnitie.  
 As for the fury, ye must vnderstand,  
 Now she hath seen the'effect of her desire,  
 She is departed, and hath left our land,  
 Graunting this end vnto her hellish ire.  
 Now humbly pray we that our English dames  
 May neuer lead their loues into mistrust:  
 But that their honors may auoid the shames  
 That follow such as liue in wanton lust.  
 We know they beare them on their vertues bold  
 With blisfull chastitie so wel content,  
 That when their liues, and loues abroad are told,  
 All men admire their vertuous gouernment.  
 Worthie to liue where Furieneuer came,  
 Worthie to liue where loue doth alwayes see,  
 Worthie to liue in golden trump of Fame,  
 Worthie to liue, and honoured stil to be.  
 Thus end our sorrowes with the setting Sun:  
 Now draw the curtens for our Scene is done.

FINIS.

R.W.



Introductio in Actum secundum.

**B**efore the second Act there was heard a sweete noice of stil pipes, which sounding, Lucrece entred, attended by a mayden of honor with a covered goddard of gold, and drawing the curtens, shee offreth vnto Gismunda to tast thereof: which when shee had done, the maid returned, and Lucrece rayseth vp Gismund from her bed, and then it followeth vt in Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Introductio in Actum tertium.

Before this Acte the Hobaies founded a lofty Almain, and Cupid I sheweth after him, Guizard and Gismund hand in hand. Inlio and Lucrece, Renuchio and another maiden of honor. The measurestrode, Gismunda geues a cane into Guizards hand, and they are all ledde forth again by Cupid, Et sequitur.

Introductio in Actum 4.

Before this Act there was heard a consort of sweet musick, which playing, Tancred commeth forth, & draweth Gismunds curteyn, and lies down vpon her bed, then from vnder the stage ascendeish Guiz. & he helpeth vp Gismund, they amarusly embrace, & depart. The king ariseth enraged, then mas heard & scen a storm of thunder & lightning, in which the swies rise vp, Et sequitur.

Introductio in Actum quintum.

Before this Act was a dead march plaid, during which entred on the stage Renuchio capten of the Guard, attended vpon by the guard, they tooke vp Guiz. from vnder the stage, then after Guizard had kindly taken leaue of them all, a strangling cord was fastened about his neck, & he haled forth by them. Renuchio bewayleth it, & then entring in, bringeth forth a standing cup of gold, with a blondy hart reeking whot init, and then saith vt sequitur.

Faultes escaped.

In the preface to the D. maids, line 3. geamls, read gleams. before act 1. l. r. with, read & with. see. ii. l. xliiii. for fear that, r. feare of that. see. i. act i. l. xlii. for by him, r. by thine. see. i. act iii. l. xxi. for distained, r. difftrained. see. ii. l. vii. for lively bzeath, r. liberty. see. ii. act iii. for but nay, r. but may. see. iii. act iiii. for twidowhood, r. widows bed. see. ii. for whilom a, r. whilom there was a. act iiii. l. xliii. hurt. reade let not.



































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